Though in our liues a ſeperable ſpight,
Which though it alter not loues ſole effect,
Yet doth it ſteale ſweet houres from loues delight,
I may not euer-more acknowledge thee,
Leaſt my bewailed guilt ſhould do thee ſhame,
Nor thou with publike kindneſſe honour me,
Vnleſſe thou take that honour from thy name:
But doe not ſo,I loue thee in ſuch ſort,
As thou being mine,mine is thy good report.

37

AS a decrepit father takes delight,
To ſee his actiue childe do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by Fortunes dearеſt ſpight
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.
For whether beauty,birth,or wealth,or wit,
Or any of theſe all,or all,or more
Intitled in their parts,do crowned ſit,
I make my loue ingrafted to this ſtore:
So then I am not lame,poore, nor diſpiſ'd,
Whilſt that this ſhadow doth ſuch ſubſtance giue,
That I in thy abundance am ſuffic'd,
And by a part of all thy glory liue:
Looke what is beſt,that beſt I wiſh in thee,
This wiſh I haue,then ten times happy me.

38

HOw can my Muſe want ſubiect to inuent
While thou doſt breath that poor'ſt into my verſe,
Thine owne ſweet argument,to excellent,
For euery vulgar paper to rehearſe:
Oh giue thy ſelfe the thankes if ought in me,
Worthy peruſal ſtand againſt thy ſight,
For who's ſo dumbe that cannot write to thee,
When thou thy ſelfe doſt giue inuention light?
Be thou the tenth Muſe,ten times more in worth
Then thoſe old nine which rimers inuocate,
And he that calls on thee,let him bring forth

Eternall